

Wicked Sense of Humor

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Summary: ONESHOT. The One April Fools Joke that we Wish was True, AKA, contrary to belief Master Chief has a truly wicked sense of humor.

Wicked Sense of Humor

Oh how I wish this had been how it happened.

* * *

><p>Completely encased in his armor, the Master Chief stood within the Infinity, inches away from the windows that gave him a beautiful view of Earth. The Didact was defeated, the Composer turned to infinite and tiny fragments of scrap metal, and humanity was safe once more. And, as usual, the price of victory had come at a terrible cost, one that could never, ever be replaced.<p>

Beside him, Lasky talked, hesitant but kind about the rare moments he had to see the gorgeous green and blue planet_green and blue, just like himself and Cortana_- when the captain turned with a heavy sigh, "Chief," he began, "I won't pretend to know what you feel. I've lost people I cared about but... never like anything you're going through.">

Beside him, the Spartan was rigid, quiet, and with a distinct air of solemn despair that Lasky had the deep feeling that the Spartan didn't fully understand.

In an attempt to try to make sense_any sense- of all he had lost that very day, the grave voice of the Master Chief cracked into the air, "Our duty, as soldiers, is to protect humanity... whatever the cost." They both understand in an unspoken vote that no matter how much that phrase made sense, it would never make up with the plain and simple fact that the Chief had lost.

He had won.

But he had lost. And the loss had left him with trauma that Lasky couldn't pretend to understand, nor did he want to.

"You say that like soldiers and humanity are two different things. Soldiers aren't machines." Unbeknownst to Lasky, his words had sharply cut into a sore spot, eerily familiar to the Chief while he continued, "We're just people." The Master Chief was still, solemnly quiet, and his head turned back to the window view of Earth. For a long moment Lasky waited for some other reaction, verbal or physical otherwise. When there was none, he knew there was nothing more to do than give the Chief his peace, even if he didn't feel any peace at all.

"I'll let you have the deck to yourself." he said, both to let the Chief know and to conclude to himself that he couldn't do anything more than he'd already done. The Chief was in mourning, and from the looks of it, he was going to be in that state for a long time, even if he denied it. Lasky walked away from the deck, disappearing into the rest of the Infinity, leaving Master Chief truly alone on deck.

Master Chief waited, waited for the footsteps of Lasky to disappear too and in his gravel-thick voice, whispered, "_You said that to me, once._" He looked down just in time for a small ball of light forming in an even tinier chip in his hand to burst into a life-size busty woman with blue skin, dark hair, and electric eyes. Lines of code strolled up her body, and she smiled at the Chief.

"Alright, I'll give you this one, Chief."

All signs of pain and despair disappeared, at least what Cortana saw. To an untrained viewer, he still appeared rigid and solemn. But she knew better. The barest hint of mirth was in his voice as an even fainter chuckle passed through his lips. His hands lifted to take his helmet off and free his head and face, if only for the moment and he tucked the helmet under his arm.

"I told you Spartans have a wicked sense of humor."

"Wicked indeed." she agreed, reaching her blue skinned hand up and caressed the flesh of his pale cheek. Oh, to finally be able to touch her Spartan, Cortana couldn't be any happier than she was then. And, by the mirthful twinkle in his sharp blue eyes, John couldn't be any happier than that moment either.

"This is going to be one helluva April Fool's joke if they ever figure it out." Cortana smiled.

"At least it's original."

* * *

><p>And now to cry over feels. :C<p>

-K013

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file.